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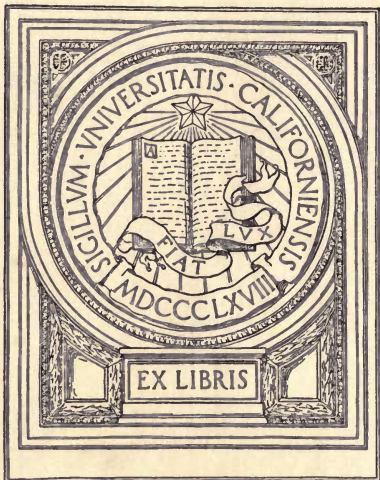
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AN ELEGY
written in an
EMPTY ASSEMBLY-ROOM

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AT LOS ANGELES



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A N

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN

An Empty ASSEMBLY-ROOM.

----- *Semperque relinqui*
Sola sibi ----- VIRG.

THE THIRD EDITION.



92290

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall.

M.DCC.LVI.

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN

An Empty Assembly-Room

Solely
V. R. G.

THE THIRD EDITION

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L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. Roddery, in Pall-mall.

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

THIS Poem being a Parody on the most remarkable Passages in the well-known Epistle of *Eloisa* to *Abelard*, it was thought unnecessary to transcribe any Lines from that Poem, which is in the Hands of all, and in the Memory of most Readers.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

THIS Poem being a Tragedy on the
remarkable Passages in the well-known
Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, it was thought
necessary to transcribe any Lines from
the Poem, which is in the Hands of all, and in
Memory of most Readers.



ELEGY

WRITTEN IN

An Empty ASSEMBLY-ROOM.

IN Scenes where HALLET's Genius has combin'd
With BROMWICH to amuse and cheer the Mind;
Amid this Pomp of Cost, this Pride of Art,
What mean these Sorrows in a Female Heart?

5 Ye crowded Walls, whose well enlighten'd Round
With Lovers Sighs and Proteftations found,
Ye Pictures flatter'd by the learn'd and wife,
Ye Glaffes ogled by the brightest Eyes,

Ye

Ye Cards, whom Beauties by their Touch have blest,
 20 Ye Chairs, which Peers and Ministers have prest,
 How are ye chang'd! like you my Fate I moan,
 Like you, alas! neglected and alone---
 For ah! to me alone no Card is come,
 I must not go abroad---and cannot *Be at Home*.
 15 Blest be that social Pow'r, the first who pair'd
 The erring Footman with th' unerring Card.
 'Twas VENUS sure; for by their faithful Aid
 The whisp'ring Lover meets the blushing Maid;
 From Solitude they give the chearful Call
 20 To the choice Supper, or the sprightly Ball;
 Speed the soft Summons of the Gay and Fair,
 From distant Bloomsbury to Grosvenor's Square;
 And bring the Colonel to the tender Hour,
 From the Parade, the Senate or the Tower.

25 Ye Records, Patents of our Worth and Pride!
 Our daily Lesson, and our nightly Guide,
 Where'er ye stand dispos'd in proud Array,
 The Vapours vanish, and the Heart is gay;
 But when no Cards the Chimney-Glass adorn,
 30 The dismal Void with Heart-felt Shame we mourn;
 Conscious Neglect inspires a fullen Gloom,
 And brooding Sadness fills the slighted Room.

If but some happier Female's Card I've seen,
 I swell with Rage, or sicken with the Spleen;
 35 While artful Pride conceals the bursting Tear,
 With some forc'd Banter or affected Sneer:
 But now grown desp'rate, and beyond all Hope,
 I curse the Ball, the D----s and the Pope.

And as the Loads of borrow'd Plate go by,
 40 Tax it! ye greedy Ministers, I cry.

How shall I feel when SOL resigns his Light
 To this proud splendid Goddess of the Night!
 Then when her awkward Guests in Measure beat
 The crowded Floors which groan beneath their Feet!
 45 What Thoughts in Solitude shall then possess
 My tortur'd Mind, or soften my Distress!
 Not all that envious Malice can suggest
 Will sooth the Tumults of my raging Breast.
 (For Envy's loft amidst the numerous Train,
 50 And hisses with her hundred Snakes in vain)
 Though with Contempt each despicable Soul
 Singly I view,---I must Revere the Whole.

The Methodist in her peculiar Lot,
 The World forgetting, by the World forgot,
 55 Though single happy, tho' alone is proud,
 She thinks of Heav'n (she thinks not of a Crowd)

And if she ever feels a vap'rish Qualm,
 Some † *Drop of Honey*, or some holy Balm,
 The pious Prophet of her Sect distils,
 60 And her pure Soul seraphic Rapture fills;
 Grace shines around her with serenest Beams,
 And whisp'ring WHITE---D prompts her golden Dreams.
 And now convinc'd all human Pow'rs are vain,
 Alike the IRISH and the BRITISH Swain;
 65 An heav'nly Spouse alone she deigns t' approve,
 And melts in Visions of eternal Love.

Far other Dreams my sensual Soul employ,
 While conscious Nature tastes unholy Joy:
 I view the Traces of experienc'd Charms,
 70 And clasp the Regimentals in my Arms.

† The Title of a Book of Modern Devotion.

To dream last Night I clos'd my blubber'd Eyes;
 Ye soft Illusions, dear Deceits arise:
 Alas! no more; methinks I wand'ring go
 To distant Quarters 'midst the Highland Snow,
 75 To the dark Inn where never Wax-light burns,
 Where in smoak'd Tap'stry faded Dido mourns;
 To some Assembly in a Country Town,
 And meet the Colonel----in a Parson's Gown----
 I start---I shriek----
 80 O! could I on my waking Brain impose,
 Or but forget at least my present Woes!
 Forget 'em----how!----each rattling Coach suggests
 The loath'd Ideas of the crowding Guests.
 To visit---were to publish my Disgrace;
 85 To meet the Spleen in ev'ry other Place;
 To join old Maids and Dowagers forlorn;
 And be at once their Comfort and their Scorn!

For once to read----with this distemper'd Brain,
Ev'n modern Novels lend their Aid in vain.

90 My MANDOLINE----what Place can Musick find
Amid the Discord of my restless Mind ?

How shall I waste this Time which slowly flies !

How lull to Slumber my reluctant Eyes !

This Night the Happy and th' Unhappy keep
95 Vigils alike,-----N * * *has murder'd Sleep.*

F I N I S.

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For once to read---with this dilapidated Brain

Ev'n modern Novels lend their Aid in vain.

90 My Maudlin---what Place can Madick find

Amid the Dilbot of my restless Mind?

How shall I waste this Time which flows so fast!

How full to slumber my reluctant Eyes!

This Night the Happy and the Unhappy keep

95 Vigils alike,---N. • For murder's sleep

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